



CXIV

No. 3

Leaves of Healing

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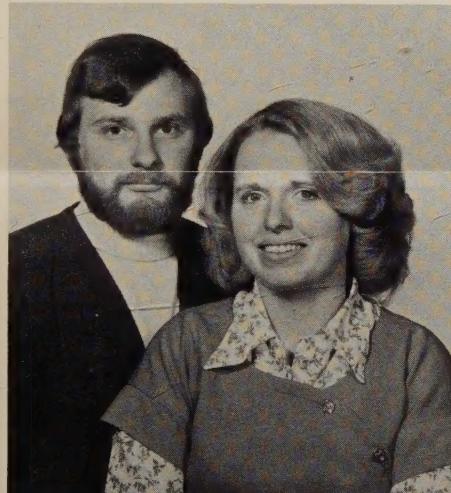


Monthly publication of the Christian Catholic Church
An Evangelical Protestant Church
Headquarters — Zion, Illinois, U.S.A.

Testimony of Mrs. Glenn (Laurel) Kacsh

WORD — This is the result of many
less nights and a restless feeling with-
in. I know my Lord hasn't been so
kind and merciful for me to sit back
and enjoy it without sharing it with
others. After much prayer I have felt led
to share my testimony in this way trusting
that if there were a need in someone's
heart and life God might use it to
help.

I have attended church and Sunday school at the Christian Catholic Church for as long as I can remember. My parents sent my two sisters and myself on the bus or would turn driving us with other neighbors and their children. I really enjoyed the stories and singing, I guess I didn't understand more than that God was at Sunday school but didn't affect my life inside of that building. I could see the lives of my Sunday school teachers something, a real joy personally, that my home life didn't. I remember crying when it was time to go after a Christmas party at one of my teacher's homes. Years passed I continued to attend Sunday school in search of something I could not name. Gradually a bitterness grew in my heart and I felt myself an "outsider" of fellowship others were enjoying. Throughout high school I prided myself in my achievements: National Honor Society, graduated upper involvement in clubs and



Glenn and Laurel Kacsh

social activities, etc. I still went to Sunday school, one of a very few in our entire class, so I felt I was pretty good, especially as I didn't smoke or drink or swear. I considered myself a Christian but I was careful not to become "fanatic" and lose out on any fun in life. Oh, how patient God was to me during those years. During my high school days my big ambition was to get married, have a family and live happily ever after . . . a real "Father Knows Best" type of thing. Glenn seemed to fit into those plans quite well. The fact that he was Jewish didn't bother me and I remember arguing with my parents "but he celebrates Christmas just like we do, so what's the big deal?"

After dating through high school, following graduation, Glenn got a job as a printer, and in September of that year, we were officially engaged. We planned a late summer wedding for the following year but by Christmas we knew we would have to change our plans. After much to do in seeking for someone to marry a nice Jewish boy and a "Christian" girl, we found a preacher from the yellow pages and were married at the Zion Recreation Center, January 25, 1969.

The years that followed were busy, sometimes dull, sometimes happy as we sought to establish ourselves and family. Scott was a very crabby, cry-baby and kept me very busy, frustrated and tired. Glenn worked two jobs. So, the weekends were our big days for shopping, bill paying and laundry. Shortly after we were married we figured a new car into the budget and spent many nights, and weekends, driving around in our "bug" so the baby would sleep. The following year we bought our house. It was not exactly the white brick ranch we would pick out as we drove around, but it did have some land, two bedrooms and the price was within reach. And about this time our crabby baby had grown to an independent two year old and I convinced Glenn that he needed a playmate. Glenn wasn't

too sure he wanted to go through all that again, but I guess I must have been pretty convincing, for in due time Kenny was born.

I guess I had started to realize that there must be a part missing in my little "Father Knows Best" family and started going back to church and taking Scott to Sunday school. Not wanting to be conspicuous about not having my husband with me in class, I volunteered to teach. I knew most of the stories and had a real love for children, so I felt reasonably qualified. Another teacher invited me to a morning Bible study and I really felt that at last I was on the right track. I made new Christian friends, was in Bible Study, teaching third graders, had my home and family. Everything was just fine.

Glenn never objected to my going to church. In fact he encouraged me to go and babysat Kenny on Sunday mornings. He also bought me the "Living Bible." The following year we studied in our group, "The Psychology of Christian Womanhood," and other women would share the problems they had in talking with their husbands. I remember bragging about the fact that Glenn and I could talk and share about anything. Wow! Was I ever opening myself up for Satan's attack.

At one of the morning Bible studies I was invited to a Christian Women's Club Luncheon and through this beautiful experience I found the missing piece in my life. I found that the Christian life is not my effort to live a good life to be accepted by God, but by inviting Christ into my life to live His life in and through me. In Him I also found forgiveness and cleansing.

Within a year's time that beautiful relationship with Glenn that I had bragged about had come to an end. We were hardly even talking and when we were it surely wasn't very lovingly.

Now I wasn't flaunting my new religion or Bible at him and it wasn't his fault either — it's just that we weren't going in the same direction any more and we didn't know how to get our family life together. He kept talking about leaving or going away for a while and there were times, many times, when I wished he would. One day he surprised me with a round trip

plane ticket to Colorado to visit some very close friends. I guess he thought the little vacation and change would do all of us some good. He hadn't had a good relationship with the boys and thought if Mommy was out of the way they'd hit it off better and get things worked out. I had never flown before and, boy, did I get sick. I don't know if it was the flight or the frightening idea that they might find out that they could live without me.

Upon my return, it didn't take long for things to get back to normal, with one exception. I soon found out I was pregnant again. Where it had been such a joyous, exciting part of my life before, now it was sickening. It seemed so unfair to bring another little life into the mess we had made of our lives and marriage. I thought I would rather die of some disease, even thought of suicide, rationalizing that I would rather be in heaven with the God who loves me than this.

Looking back I know that God didn't make a mistake and this was just another step in His marvelous plan. Scott was unplanned but not unwanted. Kenny was my plan and very wanted. But then, I thought, "If we ever have any more children it would have to be Glenn's idea and out of the goodness of my heart I would go through it all for him." Talk about dashed hopes. Everything I had ever wanted in life was gone.

I devoured the Bible, sang hymns all day, cried at times, too, but just put my whole messy life and family in His hands. God proved Himself true to His promises. I never felt such peace, and although all my plans were ruined, it no longer mattered. I was my Lord's and He was mine. Glenn decided to stay and work things out for the family's sake. I knew, however, that he was not content and would never be until he, too, found his missing piece. I would get so frustrated knowing what he needed but not being able to give it to him. And what a terrible witness I must have been at times. Then a dear friend lifted that load by saying, "You know, Laurel, God loves Glenn and wants him to be saved even more than you do."

Now on the practical side we had another problem. What do you do when you have a two bedroom house and are expecting the third child? Glenn thought it would help if we moved away and got a whole new start. He thought of Colorado. So, we put our house up for sale, took our vacation and headed out west. For two weeks Glenn job shopped, while I hunted houses but nothing worked out. I prayed for God's will to be done, but didn't realize He was answering.

We came back confused, frustrated and tired, only to begin house hunting again. Nothing Glenn couldn't afford the cut in pay and bigger house at the same time. With only four months before the baby was to arrive, we felt the only thing to do was to add on to our existing house.

Since we couldn't afford a contractor, we decided to do the work ourselves. That is quite an undertaking when you are a printer by trade, with no practical building experience. Another month passed before the foundation was laid and the lumber delivered. I used to pray as we drew the plans, "Oh Lord, we don't know what we are doing or how to go about it but please, this is your will, help us. You were a carpenter when you were on earth. Give us your wisdom." Help us He did! In two months time we had it built and nearly ready for occupancy. It was a good two months, too. The Lord used that time to show us we could work together, laugh together, plan and build together.

I was hanging wallpaper in the hallway the night Kelley, a little girl, was born. Glenn used the three days I was in the hospital to finish painting and do the last of the paper work to get the occupancy permit. What perfect timing! "Thank you, Father!"

With the arrival of the new baby I took a leave of absence from teaching Sunday school and started attending the Young Adult's class. Not long afterwards a retreat was being planned for a weekend in May in Indiana, not too far away from here. I casually mentioned it to Glenn and asked if he would like to go, not even dreaming he would. But, to my surprise, he said, "Sure, if we can find some

to watch the "kids." I guess mought that to be an easy-out — arguments or ill remarks — an impossible request. What i didn't know was "With men it is possible, but not with God, for God all things are possible." Bible study several ladies were ing about the retreat and I titioned Glenn's impossible rett. A Christian friend who n't going on the trip said she ll be more than happy to take of the kids.

Glenn consented to go but rell to go on the bus with the pp, nor would he attend the ch service on Sunday morning. at would be okay," he was

The night before the retreat, hanged his mind and we went the group on the bus. On rday, after group sharing and ter, we went for a walk out by take to talk. Glenn could see in lives of others what I had tted, but he let me know he dn't give it to me. We left it at

n Sunday morning, Glenn de- to attend the church service, e make a scene." That after- n he was very quiet. I felt help- confused, and fearful. I so ed for Glenn to know Christ for our marriage to work.

Somehow, God enabled me to turn it all over to Him.

Very little was spoken between us on Monday morning after the retreat. At noon, when Glenn came home for lunch, he told me to sit down because we had something very serious to talk about. With a quick, "Help me, Lord," prayer, I sat down, expecting the worst. What I heard, I could hardly believe. Glenn said he had decided to give "it" a try, "it" being what he had seen and taken part in during the past weekend.

Bible study that Wednesday was a day of rejoicing and weeping. I also shared with Pastor Ottersen the exciting news. He suggested coming over for a visit to talk with Glenn. The following Wednesday night was the first available time when all would be free. I could hardly wait for the week to pass.

After the children were put to bed, Pastor Ottersen came over to talk. Glenn was very solemn and quiet as Pastor Ottersen shared the simple plan of salvation. Finally, Pastor Ottersen asked if he understood and Glenn answered, "I think so." "Do you feel you are ready to trust Christ as Savior and Lord?" was the next question. Glenn broke into a big smile and said, "I have been waiting for you

to ask." Together, they kneeled to pray. Glenn followed the pastor in a simple prayer, inviting the Lord to enter his life and to take control of his life.

I knew the verse in the Bible that said, "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creation: old things are passed away; behold all things are become new." — II Corinthians 5:17. This was so true of Glenn. He was a different person. Everything was new.

The following Sunday, Glenn attended Bible class with me. He was also willing for the pastor to share with the class what had happened in his life. He also began to seek ways to be of service with the youth activities and in Zion Passion Play. Best of all, we found, together in Christ, that "something" which was missing in our marriage.

These past two years have been a growing time for us and we realize we still have a long way to go. God used the prayers and lives of so many to save our marriage and to bring one of His chosen people to the knowledge of His saving grace through the Messiah, Jesus. We now want our lives to be of help to others.

Gratefully,

Laurel Kacsh

God's Gifts Are Not For Sale

by Rev. Leland Barton



ave you ever tried to buy God's urs or obtain some blessing or by being good or by trying to something extra? Have we ever our tithes with the thought by so doing we would insure a sing from God?

ollowing the death of Stephen, first Christian martyr, a great ecution arose in Jerusalem. stians living there became filled fear and many gathered their ly possessions together, and for their lives to other places to The Bible tells us that wherever went, they preached the Gos. Through this persecution, the pel was spread to many other ss.

One of them, named Philip, (not the Apostle Philip) went to Samaria. Now this is a remarkable incident in the record of the early church. Philip went to a people who were not liked by the Jews. The Samaritans were considered spiritual and national half breeds — less than the level of even second-class citizens. However, it was Philip, a Jew, whom God chose to take the message of His love and salvation through Christ to the Samaritans. The response was exciting! It was remarkable! In the eighth chapter of Acts, verses five through eight, we read:

"Then Philip went down to the city of Samaria, and preached Christ unto them. And the people with one accord gave heed unto

those things which Philip spake, hearing and seeing the miracles which he did. For unclean spirits, crying with loud voice, came out of many that were possessed with them: and many taken with palsies, and that were lame, were healed. And there was great joy in that city."

This was indeed a remarkable thing, that a Jew would be concerned to share Christ with the Samaritans, and that the Samaritans should be so receptive to his ministry. Of course, Jesus Himself had at one time spent two days in the Samaritan village of Sychar, in a ministry of teaching and healing.

God so blessed the ministry of Philip that great miracles of healing

took place, authenticating his ministry to be of God. Seeing loved ones healed of terrible diseases or of demon possession brought great joy to the entire city.

Among those who witnessed these miracles and heard the message that Philip preached, was Simon, a magician. Of him we read, in verses 9 and 10:

"But there was a certain man, called Simon, which beforetime in the same city used sorcery, and bewitched people of Samaria, giving out that himself was some great one: To whom they all gave heed, from the least to the greatest, saying, This man is the great power of God."

Simon made quite an impression on these people and had gained many followers. They looked up to him as a man of great power which they attributed to be the result of a special relationship with God. But when Philip came, these same people listened to Philip and were even more impressed. They saw the miracles which he performed and they listened closely to his words. They also observed his life and became convinced that this man had the real truth, and they turned from Simon to follow Philip. They turned from one who exalted himself to one who was exalting Jesus Christ.

The Samaritans believed the words of Philip and they believed on Jesus Christ, the One whom Philip preached. The Scripture states that when they believed, "they were baptized, both men and women." Heretofore, in the congregation of Jews, the men were admitted, but not women. Now, in response to this fresh new message from God, all were welcome to God through Jesus Christ.

Then Simon, himself, believed. He was impressed. He watched what was being done and was amazed at what he heard and saw — so much so — that he concluded that this must be "the great power." He, too, believed and was baptized. After his baptism, he followed along with Philip.

Word was received in Jerusalem by the leaders of the church, that over in Samaria, of all places, people were responding to the Gospel. Immediately, Peter and John were sent to Samaria to see what was

happening and to give assistance to the work. Upon their arrival, they found that many had indeed believed and had been baptized, but that none had been touched by the Holy Spirit as had happened in Jerusalem. Peter and John then prayed for them that they might receive the Holy Spirit, and laid hands on them, and they, too, received the Holy Spirit. We are not told whether Simon himself had the laying on of hands; we can only guess.

When Simon saw that through the laying on of hands the believers received the Holy Spirit, he wanted this ability, and offered money to purchase it. How sincere he was we do not know. We do know he did the wrong thing. He wanted this power to lay hands on whomsoever he desired, not just on those who had believed. Peter and John's reply to this request is given in verse 20:

"But Peter said unto him, Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money. Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter: for thy heart is not right in the sight of God. Repent therefore of this thy wickedness, and pray God, if perhaps the thought of thine heart may be forgiven thee."

These were strong words to use to a believer, but the rebuke was needed, not only for himself, but for all others who might think that the gift of God can be purchased with money. Simon quaked with fear when he realized the seriousness of the effect his request had made. His immediate response was, "Pray ye to the Lord for me, that none of these things which ye have spoken come upon me." Did he repent? We do not know. No more is mentioned of Simon in the Scriptures. We will never know, until we get to heaven, whether Simon was or ever became a true believer. We do not need to know.

God had given great power to Philip in proclaiming the message of salvation. The miracles which God performed by him gave authenticity to his message as being from God. Peter and John had great power with God as seen by their answered prayer through the laying on of hands. God's denial of the Holy Spirit to the Samaritan believers, until prayed for by Peter and John,

seems to have been for the purpose of recognition of the oneness of the body of Christ. There was not to be a Jewish Church and a Samaritan Church or a Gentile Church. All were part of the one body and members one of another.

This story shows God's attitude toward the thought of being able to purchase any of God's gifts through money or in some other way. Simon is not the only one who has tried this. To some lesser degree we might find that we have been guilty of this also. As we look at our own lives, we might ask, "Do I sometimes, by my efforts, try to move God to give me blessings or possibly some gift?" If we realize we are guilty of this sin I suppose we might be a little more understanding of Simon's position.

Let us realize that our gift abilities, or talents are indeed gifts from God. They are not deserved nor can they be earned. They are freely given to us by God in order that we might recognize God's grace and mercy, and in love, devotion, and appreciation, use them to His glory.

Simon, no doubt, would have been happy to receive the power that he had offered to pay for. Such power could have made him famous. But I wonder if Simon would have been equally as happy to receive the gift that Philip received when chosen, with others, to minister to the poor and needy. Philip, as one of the deacons, served first in this capacity as long as there was a need. His faithfulness in humble service was rewarded with greater responsibility and power in ministry.

God has made many promises in relationship to the stewardship of our money and service. "Give . . . and it shall be given unto you (in greater amounts);" "Bring all the tithes into the storehouse . . . and see if I do not pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." In the paying of our tithes, the giving of our offerings, or in the service which we render to God, it is easy to get our eyes off of God, the giver of all blessings, and to get them on the promised abundant blessings. If we are careful we may find ourselves seeking to buy success and blessings through our giving, or to

that God should be specially to us in health, safety, or prosperity because of the service we are giving Him.

Do we so easily forget that we give to God nothing that we have not received?

God gives us many gifts in order that He may develop in us a godly character. He does this by giving us opportunity for deciding how we shall use His gifts. As we respond to His love with our love and His generosity with our praise and appreciation, we grow in fellowship with God and in godly character. As we pay our tithes (10 percent), we express faith and love for Him. (By the way, we should not

speak of "giving" our tithes, for God has said that our tithes belong to Him. We begin our giving after we have paid our tithes.)

Above all, we should remember that the greatest gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ, who took our place in death, to bring to us forgiveness of sins, and fellowship with the Father. All other blessings have come as a result of that great gift.

What can we give to God? We can give our praise and thanksgiving in heart, voice, and life, and our loving and loyal service, and we can demonstrate that love for God by loving and serving our neighbor.

there, at first appearing small and dark against the sky. Because the wings do not beat in unison, the formation appears to undulate as it approaches. The V moves closer, and the honking increases in volume until you begin to feel you are standing in the middle of a big city traffic jam. Soon you are able to hear the beating of the big, sinewy wings, which sometimes have a spread of six or seven feet. You can see the stretched-out necks and straining bodies. Then, just as they came, they are gone. As you watch them disappear, you begin to wonder just what their world is like. You wonder about their journey, and what they will encounter along the way." 1

The Canada goose is a very interesting bird. It is known for its high intelligence, and it is a bird that mates for life. "Divorce," is seldom known among this breed. They are also known for their tenacious protection of their young. In these last two respects, mankind, made of a much higher order in creation than the Canada goose, has miserably failed.

What is the calendar which the Canada goose uses to determine the time to take their flight South for the winter and North for the summer?

Why do these birds migrate? What system of navigation do they use in their journey of thousands of miles so that their return is to the exact spot that they left?

Who provides them with the fuel for such long flights, sometimes from 500 to 800 miles or more between touch-downs, without even so much as a "coffee-break"?

Who planned that they should grow new feathers for the journey for maximum flight ability.

Science has been puzzling over these questions for centuries. Several theories and a few answers have been given. Yet, much still remains a mystery.

Scientists will continue to study this magnificent creature and give us many more facts and understanding, but back of it all will be one answer — GOD!

1 From "The Noble Honker" by Jon Tennyson, in the magazine, Ducks Unlimited. Picture was supplied through the courtesy of Ducks Unlimited.

The Return Flight

by Earl Minton



Canadian Geese In Flight

onymous with spring is the annual migratory flight of the Canada goose. Those who live in the area of their migratory routes ("flyways,") may be fortunate to see two, three, or even four large

flocks of geese, sometimes numbering over a hundred birds.

"In flight, few birds are more impressive than the Canada goose. It begins with the distant staccato honking. Then, suddenly, they are

Life or Death

by Judy Cook

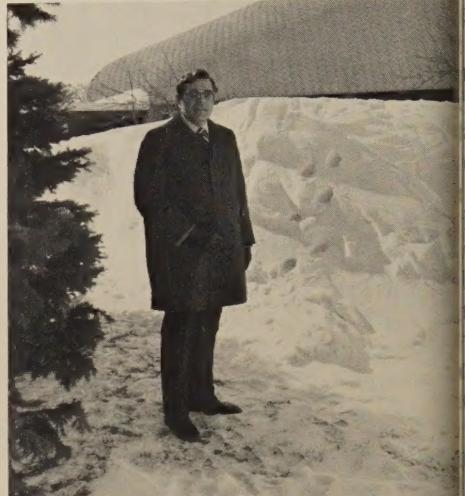
Exactly eleven years after a snow storm hit and crippled the Chicago area, another snow storm hit which reached from Illinois through Indiana, Michigan, Ohio and Western Pennsylvania. The snow began falling and the wind began blowing on Wednesday evening, January 25, 1978 in Zion. The blizzard lasted through the night and all day Thursday. About a foot of snow fell, but with the strong winds blowing, huge drifts of snow formed, blocking roads, burying cars and stopping most traffic. The church staff made their way to work on Thursday morning, but before noon one of the men plowing around the church came into the office dripping wet and cold because the truck he was using to plow with had become buried in several feet of snow. The men at the church and the city street crews could not keep ahead of the storm. So, by noon the staff had gone home while a path was still open. And the snow and wind kept coming.

Thursday afternoon at 3:00 p.m. O'Hare Airport in Chicago was closed when a plane slid off an icy snow covered runway. Travelers were stranded, filling the nearest hotels for the night or sleeping in the airport. Friday the wind and snow stopped, but businesses were closed and the plowing crews were hard at work cleaning streets and roads. It was a beautiful, sunny day, but there were tons of snow to move before anyone could get around.

Although the storm caused problems in Illinois, the States of Indiana and Ohio suffered much more as people froze to death in their stranded cars and homes were without electricity or heat. President Carter declared the State of Ohio a disaster area so that federal troops could help the people in homes without heat and rescue stranded motorists.

At times like these, many people give of their time, energy and money to help those around them who are suffering. One couple stranded in their car was offered a ride to safety two times but refused to accept either ride. They were found later frozen to death in their car.

In the "storm" of life Jesus gave His life for each one of us, but we each have a choice to either accept or refuse His offer to save us from eternal death. We hope you have decided to accept His offer. If you have not, why not accept it right now?



Overseer Ottersen by high snowdrifts at headquarters church in Zion on the weekend after the big snow storm.

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. George (Lutie) Shaw, nee Leech
Zion — February 8, 1978

MISSIONS

"So we ourselves ought to support such people . . . to be fellow workers with them in the truth." III John 8.

ZAIRE, AFRICA (From Jack and Flora Loshbough)

"We are encouraged that the church leaders here at Bau are working together in a good fellowship and oneness of heart. Our church conference was a blessing and honesty with church funds has encouraged everyone. That is a great sickness out here.

The economy here is shot and really affects church giving and attitudes. Scarcities cause prices to be extreme, like kerosene at \$2.50 per gallon, sugar over a dollar a pound, scrawny chickens at \$3.00, and beef at \$2.75 per pound. A Yamaha 100 (which is what I use) sells for \$2,100.00 and so it goes. However the Word is still going out and some are coming to know Him. With schools now under the church

again the responsibilities add on. God bless you all."

Note: Jack and Flora, and perhaps Brian also, will be returning to Zion about June 30th for furlough.

ANGOLA, AFRICA (From the Fosters)

"The four boxes of the X-ray are now in hand; and the company has re-ordered the missing table from Italy at their expense. So keep praying this big investment of the Lord's money will finally be productive.

"The Chokwe believers have all had to flee from their villages to refugee camps, leaving all behind. Thousands have been uprooted from areas where the anti-government forces are still active and are being resettled in large camps. They

receive a limited basic food ration but protein is scarce, and clothing even scarcer. This mission is attempting to help meet the needs of 5,000 or more near one of their stations while we have visited one of the resettlement villages where quite a group of these Chokwe believers are. Bob hopes to go again soon to take some clothes and blankets. Though parcels take six months or more to reach us by boat, they do eventually arrive; and these people are really desperate for clothes.

"With the coming of additional (missionary) staff, we start responding to the plea for Bible training from so many parts of Angola. To this end teaching teams are planned to go to different areas for intensive Bible teaching. The composition of the teams may vary, but always

one or more of the African
ors. We commend this vital proj-
to your prayers."

GOLA, AFRICA (From the Hockersmiths)

Greetings in Jesus' precious
ee from the Hockersmiths in
ola, Africa — a country still in
throes of civil strife and unrest.
ger, bloodshed and suffering is
widespread and conditions po-
ully, economically and culturally
e much to be desired. Yet, in
midst of it all, we see God at
k, the Church of Jesus Christ
much alive and active with
s being saved and Christians de-
g to know the Lord and His
H. Walter Zigrang and Darrell
eed a number of churches in
ous parts of Angola in October
in one area where food is
(chickens cost as much as
00 each) and living conditions
difficult, several groups meet
worship every Sunday and one
p has an early morning prayer
(6:00 - 6:30 a.m.) with
0 in attendance. How thrilling
as to be in their midst. They
requested missionary help for
instruction. Such requests
come from many parts of the
try and as a Mission family, it
r aim and prayer before God to
t this challenge. Our ministry
be concentrated mainly in the
n areas since much of the rural
s are dangerous or completely
ed and several urban areas are
ssible only by air.

Food, filth and philosophy are
very real problems. There is not
main food item that can be
hased at will, but only as it
ars from time to time and then
waiting in line. Trash, filth and
are common everywhere —
worse in some places. The
ing and propagation against
ch, Bible and God is widespread
accepted by many as an ex-
pt or actually caught up in the
Praise God for the continued
door to proclaim the Truth.
for us all — Darrell and Barb,
and Lois Zigrang, Elizabeth
erman (located presently here
Lubango), Don and Florence
s (in Canada until this month),
Bob and Belva Foster with their
youngest children at Kalukembe
oital (200 kilometers north of

us) — that we will be faithful, use-
ful vessels in His hand.

Yours for Christ in Angola,

Darrell and Barbara Hockersmith
C. P. 33
Lubango
Rep. Pop. de Angola

REPUBLIC OF SOUTH AFRICA (From the Mahons)

"This is indeed a very special
Christmas for our Mission for we
welcome two families into full time
service as Missionaries. Let us intro-
duce you to them so that you too
may join in our joy and praise to
God for His great goodness to us.

The Alfred Joseph Mahon, Junior, Family:

Junie, as we know him, is the
youngest son of our late Superin-
tendent, A. J. Mahon; and brother
to Edgar and Lyle. The family con-
sists of Junie, his wife, Cora; daugh-
ter, Lizette; and son, Freddie.
Lizette graduates (Matriculates)
from High School this year and
Freddie finishes his first year of
High School (Std. VII).

Four years ago Junie became
convinced that the Lord would have
him enroll for Theological training
and equip himself to serve the Lord
wherever He would call Him. At
the time Junie was teaching in the
Agricultural College at Tweespruit
in the O.F.S. and conducting a
manufacturing business in his spare
time. Junie resigned from his teach-
ing position, bought his partner out,
closed down the business and ap-
plied to enter the Afrikaans Baptist
Church Seminary.

Following the death of his Father
and Mother, Alfred and Meg
Mahon, in the car accident in
August, 1976, the Lord spoke to
Junie concerning becoming a Mis-
sionary in the Mahon Mission. He
applied to the Mission and was ac-
cepted. During his second year at
the Seminary Junie travelled on the
week-ends to Bethlehem where he,
with his late father's help and en-
couragement, formed a Baptist
congregation. During his third and
fourth years at the Seminary Junie
has pastored the Afrikaans Baptist
Church at Krugersdorp, thus gain-
ing valuable practical experience.

Beginning in the New Year Junie

and Cora become full time Mission-
aries with the Mahon Mission. The
present plan is for Junie to take
over the supervision of the work
in the Transvaal. Lyle and Sandy
will move to Frere in Natal and
supervise the work in Natal as the
Jouberts wish to retire and visit
only a few congregations near Rust-
enburg in the Transvaal, where they
now live.

The Gerald Fielding Lee, Junior, Family:

Geff was a sergeant in the Railway
Police; and Catherine, his girl friend,
was working in an Automotive
Medical Aid Firm in Durban. They
were on their way home from
morning service at St. Winifred Bapt-
ist Church where a Missionary had
given the morning message when
Katy said, "Geff, you will never be
happy until you become a Missionary
like your Father." Geff replied,
"I was just trying to get up the
courage to tell you the same thing."

Soon after this they became en-
gaged and then married. They be-
gan saving their money so Geff
could go to Theological College.
Geff and Katy applied to the
Mahon Mission to become Mission-
aries and were accepted on the ba-
sis that Geff complete a course of
training at the Baptist Theological
College and acquire the Zulu
language. He applied to the College,
was accepted, and they moved to
Johannesburg where Geff entered
College. Little Philip Frank arrived
during Geff's second year at Col-
lege. On the week-ends Geff some-
times accompanied Lyle on Mission
services and usually went to Etem-
beni to help with the work there
during his holidays. Geff received
his Diploma in Theology on the
11th of November. On the morning
of the 15th of November the big
Mission lorry, loaded with their
worldly goods brought them to
Etembeni. They are now living in
the McCordie's old home and Geff
is to help Edgar with the work in
the Free State and Lesotho, and
Katy is to help with the office work
at Headquarters.

Welcome! Junie and Cora, Liz-
ette and Freddie. Welcome! Geff,
Katy and Philip. We all believe you
will become a great asset to the
ministry of the Mahon Mission.
May God richly bless you as you
join the Mission family.

PARDON THROUGH THE CROSS

In evil long I took delight,
Unaw'd by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight
And stopped my wild career.

I saw One hanging on a tree
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.

A second look He gave which said,
'I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I died that thou may'st live.'

Thus while His death my sin displays
In all its blackest hues;
Such is the mystery of grace
It seals my pardon too.

With pleasing grief and mournful joy
My spirit now is fill'd,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by Him I killed.

— John Newton

THE REIGN OF WINTER

All frozen the river and frozen the land,
In garments of beauty the tall trees stand,
But the might of Winter, though strong be its sting,
Will yet yield its sway to the breath of the Spring.

Lord, frozen our hearts, and our love has waxed cold,
And deadly the chill in ourselves we behold,
Breathe into our lives by Thy Spirit we pray,
Awaken our souls to new life this day.

— The Evangelical Christian

CHRISTIAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

WATCHWORD FOR 1978

"Let Us Exalt His Name Together"

Psalm 34:3

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